

The Musical World.

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LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(No. 7.)

TO DESMOND RYAN, ESQ.,

Wednesday, November 3rd.—MY DEAR RYAN,—The last eight days have been barren of musical interest; the *ballet* continues to be the principal attraction at the *Opera*, and Cerito is usurping the laurels of Duprez. As I prophesied, the Parisians relish the talent of this charming *danseuse* more heartily on each successive performance; she may now be called an established favourite, and while Carlotta Grisi is absent at Brussels, will serve very well to sustain the reputation of the ballet. The sooner she abandons the new *rifacimento*, and introduces some of her amusing *pas de caractère*, the better; the *Fille de Marbre* is a wearisome affair, and has been condemned unanimously by the public and the press; why then continue to keep it in the programmes? Meanwhile Adolphe Adam's one-act operetta, *La Bouquetière*, a work of slender merit, and Rossini's *Comte Ory*, marvelously ill-played, have served as musical preludes to the gambols of Terpsichore. In the latter a new tenor, M. Barbot, pupil of the *Conservatoire*, who has little voice and less talent, has made a couple of unsuccessful attempts to interest the public in his behalf; the press has not noticed him, and the *claque* has laboured in vain. M. Roqueplan has proved himself but a sorry Nestor in entrusting so important a part as the *Comte Ory* to a raw tyro, who does not even *promise* excellence. Alizard, in the Governor, manages to show that he has a finer voice than Levasseur, who created the part, and a talent as remarkably inferior; Portehaut, in Raimbault, is as mediocre as the worst enemy of Rossini and the *Opera* could desire; and Mdlle. Nau, in the Countess, vocalises with her usual facility, and sings and acts with the utter absence of energy and expression for which she is celebrated. The chorus and orchestra treat the brilliant music of Rossini with as little ceremony as you would bestow upon an old hat; M. Girard, the conductor, appearing not to care, or not to know, how matters go. When I have hinted that there has been, in addition, one drag through the heavy monotony of Halévy's *Charles VI.*, and that to-night the same superfluous composer's *La Juive* is announced—with Poultier instead of Duprez!—I have told you all that has passed before the curtain since my last.

Behind the curtain demands a separate paragraph. I announced, in my last, that Miss Birch's *debut* was fixed for Friday, the 29th ult.—but it appears this was only another false alarm—about the sixth since our talented countrywoman has been here, dancing attendance on the *Opera* directors—M. Roqueplan, the wise, and M. Duponchel, the active. A sham rehearsal was got up on Thursday night, at which, with

a brother of the London press, I had the honour of assisting, and in company with him I had the pleasure to be thoroughly disgusted. Neither of the magnanimous managers were present; Nestor was absent at a counsel, Agamemnon was present at a feast. Poor Miss Birch had to go through her arduous duties without one word of encouragement or advice from anybody connected with the establishment. Duprez diversified the rehearsal with a variety of fantastic gestures; anon standing, legs wide apart, like a pigmy Colossus-of-Rhodes; anon brandishing his cane over head and shoulders, with a diversity and rapidity of gyration worthy of any conjuror; anon singing in an underbreath, with the air of a great man who should say, "Why shall I waste my voice and talent on this beginner?" anon bestowing a patronising nod, a sort of moral pat on the head; anon stopping the orchestra, when he was himself out, condescendingly regarding Miss Birch, with a side look at M. Girard, which meant "Why don't you take better care of the *debutante*;" and anon giving way to the impetuosity of his feelings, and singing, as in such moments, none but Duprez can sing. The other vocalists amused themselves by singing more or less out of time and tune, in which they were zealously emulated by the chorus, under the direction of an incompetent functionary, who did nothing but stamp his feet, and when (every twenty bars) there was something wrong look daggers at Miss Birch, who singing or not singing, was evidently, in the opinion of this mystified jack-in-office, the cause of all the mistakes of the orchestra, chorus, principals, and subordinates. The only person, notwithstanding, during the whole rehearsal, with whom not one fault could be found, was Miss Birch herself, who, thoroughly up in her part, sang with unusual fervour and expression. How grateful were the tones of her magnificent and pure *soprano*, after the worn-out penny-trumpets that I have been accustomed to listen to—since the departure of Madame Stoltz, whose place is not yet filled even by a shadow of herself—on the *Opera* boards! I must inform you, also, that I was not only delighted with Miss Birch's singing in the well-known cavatina in *A flat*, "*Sombre forêt*," and the grand duet with Duprez, but I was astonished and pleased with the ease and grace of her deportment on the stage, which betrayed the confidence and knowledge of an actress of long and tried experience. In the recitatives her declamation was admirable, and scarcely the slightest accent was distinguishable in her pronunciation of the French tongue. Why Miss Birch's *debut* is continually deferred, and her just expectations perseveringly frustrated by the management of the *Opera*, remains yet to be explained. Meanwhile, let me assure you that I shall sift the matter to the bottom, and if I find any unfair proceeding, I will expose it to the eyes of France and England. Though not a rabid patriot, like M. Etienne Arago, author of the *Aristocraties*,

I am too much a John Bull, to allow a compatriot, a lady, and a fellow-artist, to be cajoled and ill-treated, either at home or abroad. I have already a *clue*, which I shall follow up steadfastly, and, in case of any eventual foul play, you may rely upon a full exposure of *all the parties* concerned. Meanwhile, let us hope that Miss Birch may speedily have her rights, and that I shall have nothing less pleasant to record than her triumph on the French Opera boards. I do not believe a word of a report which goes about, that M. ——— objects to Miss Birch's *debut*, on account of his fair *protégée*, Mdlle. ———, who will be the actual representative of the Princess, when *Guillaume Tell* is produced. I do not believe one word of it—albeit a witty *feuilletoniste* did inform me that the motto of the illustrious composer of fifty operas was "*Ici on se tutoie—essuyez vous les pieds, s'il vous plait?*"—stigmatising the great man with the two-visaged morality of which poets have occasionally made Janus the sign. *N'importe*, if I find it necessary I shall respect neither persons nor names—and the *Musical World*, as you know, lies upon the tables of all the principal *cercles* and *cafés* in Paris. Moreover, Miss Birch has another friend in Paris, and a powerful.

To talk of something more agreeable and less wrapped in moral mist—I have received a letter from Brussels, which informs me of the brilliant reception of Carlotta Grisi at the Grand Opera. The queen of dancers has already appeared in *Le Diable à Quatre* and the *Jolie Fille de Gand*, while *Giselle* and, above all, *Esmeralda* are preparing. M. Auguste Nourrit, whose affairs have lately been in nowise prosperous, is now in a fair way of retrieving all his ill-luck; Fortune smiles upon him, and the twinkling of Carlotta's charming feet, has been echoed by the tinkling of five-franc pieces and golden Leopolds, which have showered abundantly into the treasury. As I guessed the six representations for which Carlotta was pledged have multiplied into twelve, and, instead of going to the Hague, as was anticipated, she will pass her whole month's leave of absence in Brussels—a fact upon which the good Belgians felicitate themselves mightily, and wherefrom the rail-road from Ghent, Bruges, Liege, Malines, Louvain, Tiselemont, and even Namur at one corner, and Ostend at the other, derives infinite profit, since every *convoi* brings new visitors to Brussels, eager to see, zealous to applaud, and unanimous to admire the most graceful and fascinating and perfect of all the daughters of Terpsichore. The following is a short extract from the letter I mention; for the details I can find neither time nor space:—

"Since I wrote to you last Carlotta has made her *début* with a success not more brilliant than her deserts, but quite unprecedented at the Brussels Opera. You, who know the lethargic constitution of the Brussels public, will scarcely be able to credit me when I tell you that the good "burghers" beat the English, and even the Italians, in the warmth of their enthusiasm. Flowers, coronals, sonnets, and other poetical effusions, unite in abundance, to fête and pay homage to Carlotta, than whom no goddess of the ancients was ever worshipped with greater pomp and ceremony. Come here, and I promise you some good operas, some pleasant company, some Belgian dinners, and ballets such as can only be where Carlotta presides at the helm."

The Parisians may therefore console themselves in the absence of their favorite, by the certainty that their judgment is respected and her merits appreciated.

Have you heard that Grisi and Mario have signed an engagement for St. Petersburg? It appears that their engagement with M. Vatel—*homme malheureux!*—expires next month, and that it will not be resumed. This is a deadly loss to Paris, and a wonderful acquisition for the capital of

the Russias. You may easily imagine how the magnificent Grisi will be fêted, and how the graceful Mario will be admired! By the way, for a wonder, I was very much pleased the other night at the *Italiens*. The opera was *Il Barbiere*. The Figaro of Ronconi was transcendent; he sang in the most masterly style, and his acting was overflowing with drollery and humor. I never in my life heard Mario sing with more wonderful finish, more intense and varied expression; while Lablache was more than ever irresistible in Bartolo; and Persiani, who happened to be in excellent voice, vocalised in such a manner as left all competitors in her peculiar school at an immeasurable distance. In Basilio, Polonini failed, and the orchestra, chorus, and *mise en scene*—what a contrast to the Royal Italian Opera—were in the usual style that characterises the performances in M. Vatel's establishment, and gave new aliment to the charges of the *Corsaire*, and the biting irony of Fiorentino, who treats the unlucky *impresario* even worse than the old man of the mountain treated Sinbad the Sailor, unmercifully riding him to death. I fear that M. Vatel will, unlike Sinbad, be able to devise no scheme to rid himself of his pitiless persecutor. Signor Costa has been a day or two in Paris; he arrived last Sunday, I believe, from Italy, *en route* for London, where he will doubtless be, ere this dispatch reaches you. The celebrated *chef d'orchestre* was present at the performance of *Il Barbiere*, to which I have just alluded; he gives a most disastrous account of Italian music in general, and with the exception of one acquisition (and that, which I am not yet at liberty to specialise, may be reckoned on as a jewel) has been able to find nothing worthy of his own great establishment in London; it appears also from his statement, that every Italian singer of note makes an express clause in his or her engagement with *impresarii*, that *they are not to be asked to sing in Verdi's operas*, which having of late caused the untimely dissolution of two feeble tenors, at Venice, has frightened all the rest of them out of their wits.

Rosati, the *danseuse*, is in Paris, but I do not hear of any likelihood of her appearing at the Opera. Flora Fabbri is also here, and will shortly make her *entrée*; meanwhile the action at law, pending between her and Mr. Bunn (who, I am delighted to find getting on so triumphantly at the Surrey, and whose advertised "*Word with Punch*" is the object of general curiosity here) is rapidly coming to a crisis. Benedict has also arrived in Paris, *en route* for London. His opera, *The Crusaders*, which was to have been produced lately at Stuttgart, has been unavoidably postponed by a melancholy event—the death of Madame Pischek, wife of the celebrated barytone, who is now at Prague lamenting his irretrievable loss. Benedict will return, however, next month, to Stuttgart, and *The Crusaders* will then be produced under his superintendence. He gives a glowing account of the reception of Jenny Lind at Berlin; it appears that the madness of the Londoners is but coldness by the side of the rabid intoxication of the Prussians. It is true that the German papers recount, in significant terms, the entire failure of the "Swedish Nightingale" in *Der Freischütz*; but of course that stands for nothing; so long as Jenny Lind can excite unheard-of enthusiasm in *La Figlia* and *I Masnadieri*, what does she care about the *vieilles* of Weber, Mozart, and other second-rate composers? Having concluded her present engagement at Berlin, the "Nightingale" has declined all other offers, and has retired to her nest at Stockholm, where she will rest her weary wings until Mr. Lumley requires her services next season, at Her Majesty's Theatre. I hear she has been offered fabulous sums, *un argent fou*, as the French

call it; but nothing can make the charming songstress give up the advantages of her winter-sleep. She is completely tired of triumphs, and her voice, already worn and wearied by over exertion, demands both care and medicine. I strongly recommend her to take two or three boxes of Stolberg's lozenges, the panacea of panaceas, which Paracelsus only dreamed of, but Dr. Stolberg realized substantially, for the comfort and benefit of the whole race of vocalists, male and female, biped and quadruped, feathered and unfeathered. At Berlin, Jenny Lind sang no less than six nights in succession, and so difficult was it to gain admission that even Benedict, who, by the prerogative, of calling, talent, and position, ought to have free ingress to all the theatres of the world, was compelled to pay six thalers (eighteen shillings) for a sorry place, anywhere or nowhere. Now that Jenny Lind has quitted Berlin, Mr. Lumley is daily expected in Paris, where, doubtless, his diplomatic genius will bring forth fruit, ripe and plentiful.

On Monday, the Feast of All Saints, Paris was like a beehive, or an ant-hill, absolutely swarming with living beings. The *Champs Elysees* presented the most animated and brilliant spectacle I ever beheld in my existence. Among the motley crowd so careless, so joyous, so eager for pleasure, a pale thin figure, with a countenance wan and worn, a frail and bending form, a melancholy smile, and a step as silent as a ghost's crossed me on the *Boulevard des Italiens*, and flitted into the door-way of the *Café Riche*, unobserved and unobserving. My companion, who marked the evident impression made upon me by this living phantom, inquired—"Do you know that man?" On my answering in the negative, he rejoined, with an accent full of sympathy and feeling, "It is Chopin." And he has been thus for nearly ten years—one step more would launch him into eternity.

The Theatre Francais has at length made its first *grand coup*. A new comedy was produced on Friday, under the title of *Les Aristocraties*. M. Etienne Arago, a political writer of democratic principles, is the author. To write a comedy in five acts, and in verse, was pronounced by Voltaire *l'œuvre du démon*. The aim of the *Aristocraties*, however, appears to me sufficiently flat for a demon. All the world allows that there are other aristocracies besides that of birth; for example, wealth, talent, &c. Had M. Arago told us this in a distich-epigrammatic, we should have answered, "all right, old fellow, we knew that long ago." But M. Arago is not so short-winded. He is determined to preach a sermon on his darling theory, and takes *five acts of rhymed couplets* to do it. Allow his position; let there be aristocracies, one, two, three, and four; let their names be Birth, Wealth, "Military," and Talent; and let Talent be the worthiest of the four—what then? This matter established, which is indisputable as a truism, does not prove that M. Arago has written a good comedy. On the contrary; he has merely shown us that another aristocracy may be added to the four-in-hand, which he drives with such evident satisfaction through the streets and thoroughfares of platitudes—the aristocracy of *dulness*. M. Arago represents this "aristocracy" himself, with the magnanimity of a Quintus Curtius. The Roman sacrificed himself to the weal of his country by leaping into a gulf; M. Arago sacrifices himself to the weal of his profession by writing a comedy; the gulf closed its jaws, and swallowed up the life of Curtius; the abyss of sentiment has equally swallowed up the dramatic reputation of M. Arago; there was no danger from the gulf after the disappearance of Curtius; there will be no danger of any one attempting a five-act comedy in verse, on any such subject as the Aristocraties

after the discomfiture of M. Arago—for that M. Arago is discomfited I must aver, in the teeth of the *claque*, and the brilliant essay of M. Jules Janin, which is worth 100,000 crowns to M. Arago's comedy, and has more wit, poetry and humour in it than can be found in the whole of M. Arago's five acts in verse. M. Arago should dedicate twelve golden candlesticks to the gifted *feuilletoniste*, who has built him a reputation in a day—and all because M. Janin wished to show that the *Journal des Debats* was conscientious enough, and liberal enough, and independent enough, and Quixotic enough, to praise the effort of a democrat in its columns—which did by no means astonish anybody—for now-a-days journalism has no party. *Tant mieux*.

But of the comedy, and of the actors, Madlle. Brohan, Madlle. Judith, Madlle. Mantes, MM. Provost, Regnier, Mirecourt, Geoffroi, and the rest, and of many other matters too long to mention now, I must defer speaking at length till my next. The hand of the clock on the *Bourse*, within a stone's throw of which I am now *not* writing, approaches the figure *five*—and the post waits for no man less than a Prime Minister, or an Ambassador. Good bye, for the present, and believe me, ever yours, D.

THE ITALIANS AND THE FEUILLETONISTES.

FROM two clever *feuilletons* by MM. Fiorentino and Gustave Héquet, we have translated a few stray passages, which, as they concern some of the popular Italian artists, will doubtless interest our readers. M. Fiorentino, in a very intelligent review of the performance of *Don Giovanni*, at the *Italiens*, offers the following sensible remarks relative to the Leporello of

LABLACHE.

"The colossal size of Lablache is altogether opposed to the part of Leporello, and renders the illusion impossible. I have heard many persons express great astonishment, and lament that Lablache had made the character of Leporello too prominent—obtrusive perhaps—and altered, in some respects, by too great a shew of pleasantry, and by too jovial and burlesque a physiognomy, the ensemble and seriousness of the work. Lablache is too great an artiste, too finished a comedian, too spiritual, too sensible to be ignorant that Leporello is no buffoon. Leporello is the good sense personified—he is the positive by the side of the ideal—the Sancho by the side of Don Quixote. As *rusé* as Figaro, as devoted as Caleb, Leporello adores his master; he weeps for him—excuses him before the world; but in secret, *en tête à tête* with his master, he does not fail to read him sound lectures. And it is he who amuses Don Juan in a sovereign manner. A little of a liar, a little of a gourmand, a little of a libertine, since it is necessary that vices should degenerate in their transit from master to man, Leporello is never involved in crime. The impiety of Don Juan makes him shudder. If he obey his orders, it is only against his inclinations, and in terror of his master's sword; and if he be subservient to his criminal designs, he never fails to warn the victims; and, after some dreadful day of treacheries, duels, and murders—after a night spent in orgies and debaucheries, I am sure that Leporello, retired into a corner, finds time yet to pray to God in secret for his own soul, and the soul of his master. Worthy Leporello!

Lablache is not an artiste to whom the *nuances* of character can be unknown, or unappreciable. Nobody understands better this tremendous *chef d'œuvre*. But it was necessary, so thought he, with all his power, to smooth each anxious brow; it was necessary, whatever might be the consequence, to drive away that dark and brooding *ennui*, which stretched its gloom, as a bat its pinions, over the listless audience; it was necessary to amuse the provincials, who flocked in crowds to the *Italiens* on the evening in question, and who, in their ignorance of the opera so loudly bepraised, and of the singers whose pompous eulogies were so far and high emblazoned, remained, as it were, glued to their seats, with necks extended, with mouths all agape, and eyeballs darting from their heads. This is the reason why Lablache gave himself so much trouble, and indulged in so many extra displays of activity; this is the reason why he introduced more French words and phrases than he is accustomed to do; in fine, this is the reason why the artiste *par excellence*, for one instant descended to the level of the public. Lablache

is so truly devoted to the interests of the theatre to which he belongs, and undertakes its cause with so much warmth, that he would even compromise his high artistic name to save his director."

In a notice of the same performance, M. Héquet (of the "National") thus apostrophises the Don Giovanni of Coletti.

COLETTI.

"It is evident Nature never intended Signor Coletti to play the character of Don Giovanni. I say it, without circumlocution or periphrasis, because, all things considered, it cannot take from him the claims, which he possesses by right, on the esteem of the public. On the contrary, in the very first scene, Signor Coletti proves himself not to be the man who could surprise and force a woman. He kills the commandant, and plainly shows the audience that he was but young in deed, and never killed commandant before, since he kills him as no Don ever yet killed man. When he attempts to seduce Zerlina, each spectator says to himself, 'My God! what an excellent family man Signor Coletti must be!' In the finale to the first act, when Zerlina cries from within, in piteous tones, 'Gente, aita! aita, gente!' we feel somewhat surprised that the good folks on the stage do not answer, with one voice, 'Oh, nonsense! be quiet—Signor Coletti is incapable of so black a crime—we don't believe it.' Signor Coletti, nevertheless, is a man of talent, who has received from nature a very fine voice, which he manages artistically and with taste; but he is too much of a good man to imagine the unbridled egotism, the diabolic pride, the ferocious and libidinous desires of that sublime incarnation of wickedness, whom the Abbé Da Ponte, after Molière, has created, and Mozart made sing. Everybody knows that this Italian Don Juan, so freshly lyrical, so original, so new, after that of Molière, is the work of a priest!—of a priest, in truth! who was as well suited to the sacerdotal robes as Signor Coletti is to play characters like Don Giovanni. He was a man of wit, and, I might almost say, of genius. In his old age he cast off his monk's habit, and emigrated to America. Garcia, the great tenor, and who perhaps of all singers best understood and could best impersonate Don Juan,* encountered in New York, about the year 1830, the old collaborateur of Mozart. It is to be hoped that Garcia played Don Juan before him—indeed he owed him so much. The *ex-abbé* was then upwards of eighty years of age. He had a wife and several children, for whom he gained an indifferent livelihood by teaching Italian to the fair-haired daughters of the New World. But let us leave Da Ponte and return to his interpreters."

Further on we find the following from the same pen in respect of

MADAME CASTELLAN.

"As for Madame Castellan she has no reservation to hope from me: I shall tell the plain truth in plain terms. Madame Castellan's voice is somewhat feeble, but sweet, mellow, and sympathetic. The lower notes are good, and the upper notes have a charming sonority when they are not forced. Her vocalising is neat, correct, and graceful, and it is evident that she has studied her art with determination and assiduity. Her style possesses elegance and much expression. Add to this, youth and very agreeable personal traits. Unfortunately when she sings, she has a fashion of half closing her eyes, and opening her mouth a *travers*, which has by no means a happy appearance. I have promised her the truth without reservation, and I keep my word. My criticism has been proffered with no other intent than to point out to the fair artiste faults which may be so easily amended. The success of Madame Castellan has been brilliant and legitimate. We congratulate M. Vatel on this excellent acquisition to his *troupe*. If his subscribers pardon him for having forgotten Alboni, it will be through the mediation of Madame Castellan."

And, still lower down, the following about the accomplished

MARIO.

"In the *Lucia di Lammermoor* Mario sustained the part of Edgar. I do not know what it is that has happened to Signor Mario, what example has struck him, what noble emulation has piqued him, but he sung the grand *scena* in the last act very differently indeed from what we have heard him on any former occasion. Anterior to the present performance, his voice was, as it always is, sweet and captivating—but it was devoid of expression: it merely flattered the ear—to-day it penetrates to the inmost soul. It seizes on the listener, moves him, makes him thrill and weep. It is, in fact, a complete transformation. Signor Mario is now certainly the most delightful tenor on the lyric stage. If he would endeavour to combine with his great vocal abilities the talents of a comedian what would remain for others? After the late transformation we witnessed in the *Lucia*, we cannot answer when the improvement in Signor Mario will cease."

* Query—Better than Ambrogetti and Tamburini. [Ed. M. W.]

We shall further consult the Parisian *feuilletonistes* from time to time, and offer anything we may find of sufficient interest to the consideration of our readers. Meantime, we take leave to conclude with another extract from the article of M. Fiorentino, which involves a triple and a triple-merited compliment to Grisi, Mario, and the Royal Italian Opera.

"The Theatre Italien has given Don Giovanni four times. What we have just said of Alboni may be also referred to Grisi and Mario. Mario is, without contradiction, the most accomplished tenor on the stage. If the theatre possessed such singers as he, nothing could be more perfect. He is young, handsome, in all the power and freshness of his talent: his voice is beautiful, and subservient to a rare intelligence: born and educated in the highest circle of society, he is endowed with its manner and its distinction. Who can sing like him, with the same ease and success, serious and buffo parts? He possesses flexibility and largeness, expression and grace, energy and purity. Dark and impassioned in *Otello*, tender in *Lucia*, touching in *Lucrezia Borgia* and the *Puritani*, he is graceful, brilliant, comic in the *Matrimonio Segreto*, the *Barbiere*, and *Don Pasquale*. There is no work in the *repertoire* in which Mario has no character—and none which he does not fill to perfection."

La Grisi, with her imperial and superb head, her queenly brow, her magnificent bust, hewn, as it were, from the most beautiful marble of Paros, has no rival to fear in the loftiest rôles of lyric tragedy. This she proved lately in London, where she sustained, in her single person, the entire weight of the *repertoire*; and where each time that other *cantatrice*, even the most celebrated, attempted to personate her characters, they have failed in the most signal manner. Nevertheless, it is time that Grisi and Mario, whose talents are of the highest order, should exhibit these talents in new works. I am astonished, indeed, that these artistes can sing for ten years the same notes without gaping in the face of the spectators. *Don Giovanni* is an imperishable *chef-d'œuvre*, but the more sublime the work is, the more perfect should be the execution. To appreciate truly this work of the mighty master, one should have heard at the Royal Italian Opera, in London, the magnificent finale of the first act, with a triple orchestra, conducted by Costa, with its numerous chorus, and a dazzling *mise en scene*—a performance worthy of Mozart. The minuet was danced by Fanny Elssler and Adele Dumilatre. Singers, band, dancers, chorus, all seemed penetrated with the most profound reverence—with a sentiment almost religious—for this divine music. It is thus, indeed, that homage should be rendered to genius."

To every word of which we say, amen! from the very bottom of our understandings and our hearts.

A Treatise on the "Affinities" of Goëthe,

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,

Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Röscher, Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

(Continued from page 689).

CHAPTER III.

THE ARTIFICIAL COMPOSITION OF "THE AFFINITIES."

HOWEVER often we turn to the artistical composition of the "Affinities," we shall never grow weary of admiring the extraordinary simplicity of the external means and of the whole action of our work, which with the slightest motives, a *staffage** almost uniform, with positions and events but little complicated, with a very small number of figures produces the highest effects. Considered from this point of view there is no work of art in the whole novel-literature, which to him who only seeks for an external gratification, for that which we call a material interest in the development of incidents, and the excitement thus produced, can be more unsatisfactory than our "Affinities." Because every thing takes place *within* the individualities, because the whole development occurs in the field of internalness, the novel requires for its comprehension a mind extremely cultivated in every respect. The composition of the artist is here everything: the mere matter, on the other hand, is nothing. What indeed is more common than a couple of married people, who through their feelings are powerfully attracted by two individualities, to whom, by virtue of their position, they cannot belong. And yet all turns upon this

* I do not know the technical English word for *staffage*, which signifies, in pictorial art, the filling up a picture with figures.—Translator.

single point. But what wealth in its development, what a charm in the exhibition of the state of feelings, which have grown to such visible clearness, that we can thoroughly live through every one of them, without any sacrifice of the ideality. The whole presents us with the fullest reality, with an event of every day occurrence, with the simplest circumstances, and yet, at the same time, it is a creation of the highest art, penetrated by an all present zeal, which has formed every organ of its body into an important sign of its invisible activity.

As the antique Epos was the poetical expression of the heroic condition of the world, and the purest organ for its collective interests and relations, so does the genuine novel in its highest form reflect the life elements of our modern existence, and reveal to us the soul of the world's present condition. Corresponding to the Epos in this, that both reveal an entire concrete view of the world, they differ essentially in this, that the antique Epos gives an exhibition of a condition of the world, which (exhibition) is most objective, and most independent, so to speak, of the subjectivity of the poet, while the novel, on the other hand, as a subjective epopee always develops to us—the concrete relations as reflected in the subject, nay, as in reality, so in a work of art, allows them to arise as products of internalness, and subjective intuition.* In this sense our "Affinities" is the modern Epos of marriage, which pursues the whole present condition of the world, and the interests of modern life down to the moral basis of marriage, and therein allows them to be recognised.

This already implies, that our novel limits itself to the district of its development, and excludes the comfortable diffuseness of an epic unfolding. While everything within that district gravitates towards marriage, it cannot contract itself to a field, which is extremely narrow, and cannot carry us into a broad stream of events and complications, amid which we lose sight of the simple relation. In this respect the "Affinities" seems to us the most decided contrast to "Wilhelm Meister," which, in conformity with its aim, has to extend, in epic development the most manifold circumstances of life, a wealth of the most different individualities, while the "Affinities" on the contrary, in conformity with its subject, is directed towards limitation. Contrasted with "Wilhelm Meister" it bears the same relation as that of the Epos, which embraces all the states of the heroic age, to the limited action of an antique drama.

Simple as are the action and the relations in our work, equally inobtrusive are the surrounding objects,† while they belong to the highest art, as Solger has very properly acknowledged. Feeling the weight and importance of the former, this thinker saw in the details of the circumstances the visible garb of the personalities. They are to him the daily life, in which the personality expresses itself, so far as it comes into external contact with others, and distinguishes itself from them. There always continues to be a homogeneous expression, while the interior is violently changed. This change is fearfully striking, if once the glance falls upon the peculiar circumstances, which always continue the same, or progress homogeneously.

Sensible and true as is this notion of Solger's, it by no means comprises the whole deep import of the surrounding objects in the "Affinities;" nay their proper artificial effect seems to us to proceed from a totally different element. We will endeavour to develop this, and thus to give an insight into the internal workshop of our romance. And, in the first place, we agree with Solger that the surrounding details form the garment of this personality, in which the latter externally displays itself. The laying out of the grounds, upon which the individuals of the action bestow so much care, and the progress of which is a constant back ground to the whole, is a product of that grade of refined cultivation, which everywhere impresses upon natural things the stamp of the human mind;—which converts nature into an ornament for ourselves, and makes it a copy of our personality. While in the laying out of the gardens and parks, Nature is, as it were, forced to adapt herself to our views, and to express our intentions, so does the poet, by such sur-

rounding objects, place us in a state of existence, which has man and man alone for its creator, and in harmony with the whole comfortable state of an advanced cultivation, to which our individuals belong, everywhere, as far as his power extends—freely subject nature to himself, and make it a copy of his own views. But this existence, in which, down to the minutest details, the human impress is visible, in which nothing is left in its immediate natural form, but all has felt the mastery of the human will—into this existence, we say, breaks the natural force of feeling, smooths its own paths, and in its power scoffs at the work, which the hand of man and human freedom have produced. In this contrast lies the highest poetical effect. Everything, we may say, in our work gives us a view of a pure human creation, produced out of freedom. The marriage itself, the comfortable existence arising from a tasteful employment of wealth, the park which is formed before us with the greatest care—all, in short, shows us both in the moral and in the natural sphere a pure human dominion, a free creation of the human mind. All in our work of art is wrought up to this view, that the contrast of that unfree natural force, which leads into this human existence, may come forward with a real shock.

It is in the objects which surround the individuals that we first truly perceive this contrast, and it appears to us, like a deep irony, that those who, with so much mastery, rule over external Nature, and to whose views she must conform, are so exposed to the storm of an internal natural force. This contrast is naturally heightened, as well as its effect, with the increasing passion, and with the variance, which becomes more and more incurable, while the objects laid out and formed by human hands lock on quietly, and present, unchanged, the picture of a state of things, in which no place seems to be accorded to mere natural force. From what we have said, it results that the æsthetic effect in the change of surrounding objects rests essentially upon contrasts of thought, which here immediately press forward, and are, as it were, in a naïve manner brought to view. The same contradiction between freedom and natural necessity, which was recognized by us as the soul of the entire action, involuntarily comes forward here also, since these very objects, belonging to a nature changed and formed by the human will into an ornament, and according to our pleasure, of themselves direct our glances to the contrast of an immediate nature not included in us.

(To be continued.)

* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. LVIII.

LIFE does not flow in one continued course
So that its parts all with each other blend,
Each one beginning at another's end,
And each one in its turn a goal and source.
No, there are points where the stream gathers force,
And suddenly appears its course to mend,
As though to some new destiny 'twould tend—
Such points with joy we think on—or remorse.
And thus it was when first thine eyes met mine,
The changeless course of years at once was broken,
And all around the scene was new and strange;
And though the image be not always thine
That fills my soul; yet still through thee was spoken
That word of fate, which bade my life be new. N. D.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—How Shakspeare surpasses all dramatists, past and present, in the fitness and construction of his plays for scenic representation is every day made more manifest. How our forefathers could have permitted the unhallowed alterations of the playwrights is not quite so evident. It is positively inconceivable that the audiences of any period could have endured such desecration of their favourite poet. In no single instance has the re-modelling of Shakspeare's plays for the stage been an improvement, and in most cases the alteration is a disgrace to the perpetrators, a disgrace to those

* The novel, says Göthe, is a subjective epopee, in which the author allows himself to treat the world in his own fashion. The only question is whether he has a fashion;—the rest will come of itself.—Dr. Rütcher's note.

† "Umgebungen," that is to say, the scene and circumstances, which surround the principal figures.—Translator.

who sat to endure it, and a disgrace to the country at large. Thanks to our stars, we have fallen upon brighter days. The spirit of innovation that walks abroad has yet respect and reverence for the works of genius. But restitution, like reformation, as it is slow and gradual, must depend on time for its results. It has been reserved for the present age, we might say, for the last lustrum of the present age, to restore to our stage the works of our great poet in their purity and integrity. To Macready, certainly, is due the primal honour of this glorious undertaking. Many years ago, when he was at Covent Garden, he revived *Richard the Third*, almost as Shakspeare wrote it, and rescued one entire scene from the pilfering grasp of Nicholas Rowe. He did not go far enough, but he made the first step on the road of restitution. More late, when Covent Garden was under his own management, he made still further advances in presenting to the public the plays of Shakspeare, denuded of the interpolations of Garrick, Nahum Tate, and Cibber, the glorious triad of meddlers, who have made themselves infamous in the annals of the stage. The revivals of *The Tempest*, *Henry the Fifth*, *King Lear*, and other plays, will hand Macready's name to posterity, written in more bright and living characters, than even his transcendent talents as an actor. The spirit he set a-foot did not linger round the glories of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. It wended eastward and waved its banners over the little temple of Sadler's Wells. From thence it has lately flown over roof and spire, back to the west, and now beams round the long neglected shrine of "Marylebone," with a true and steady, if not a brilliant lustre. More recent still we have seen its light diffused with purer rays in that tiny temple of taste, yept the *Haymarket Theatre*. The re-production of *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Haymarket is undoubtedly one of the most complete that, in this age of restitution, has yet been given to the stage. The text of Shakspeare is adhered to to the letter, and not a line is omitted which propriety could preserve. But not only is the text closely followed, the very stage directions are observed, and the play is witnessed, exactly as Shakspeare intended it should be played, and as it was played in his time. There is no doubt had Shakspeare lived in our scenic-loving age, he would either have omitted the Induction, as cramping the *mise en scene*, which dramatic exigencies appear now to demand, or he would have transferred the action of the comedy, in the stage directions, to some more appropriate locale than a bed-chamber, in which it is intended it should be exhibited. *The Taming of the Shrew*, as now performed at the Haymarket, is entirely devoid of scenery, excepting two introduced in the Induction. The different scenes are merely signified by placards hung against the tapestry, on which are written the particular locale of the actors. Thus, in the first scene, *Padua, a Public Place*, is inscribed on the placard; and in scene the second, *Before Hortensio's House*, and so on. This is the only provision made to point out the change of place. Even between the acts, the Lord's bed-chamber, with Christopher Sly attended in state, is still presented to the spectator's view. Such was the fashion in which our ancestors, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, were wont to behold the dramas of William Shakspeare acted. Nor, in good sooth, strange as it may seem, does the mind seem to look for anything more in the scenery. We are inclined to think the exhibition of scenic splendour, magnificence of decoration, and completeness of detail rather deteriorates from, than adds to the reality, or verisimilitude, of stage representation. It is certain that too close an adherence to the pictorial destroys the poetical. When we

witnessed the *Taming of the Shrew*, we felt no want of a change of scenery. In the first scene, upon the entrance of Lucentio and Tranio, when the placard indicated a Public Place in Padua, we as readily imagined ourselves in such a public place, as though the most delightful scene, and most truthful, was represented by the accomplished pencil of Mr. P. Phillips, or Stanfield himself. It must be allowed that as in *The Taming of the Shrew*, we have a play within a play, and as the spectator knows that it is being performed in a bedroom, he is naturally satisfied with such scenery, or its substitute, as a country mansion and a set of strolling players could furnish at an hour's notice: still from the play we cannot help feeling we have learned a lesson in stage painting, and that it were far better, in the performance, to attend to other things of greater need. But of this more by and bye. The acting of the *Taming of the Shrew*, at the Haymarket, is (we speak of it in the present tense, as it is being performed two, or three times a week) most excellent. We have seen Mrs. Nisbett in parts better suited to her. In the two first acts she was rather snappish and fretful, than froward and bold: but her acting in the two last acts was truthful and beautiful. Mr. Webster made a capital Petruchio, the best we have seen for a long while. Nothing could be more bluff, hearty, and good-tempered than he appeared throughout the play. Keeley's Grumio was deliciously comic. We never imagined he could fill out Shakspeare before. Mrs. Seymour was lady-like as Bianca. Of the other characters we must distinguish Mr. Brindal's Tranio as particularly good, albeit we should prefer his omitting the gag with the cloak when he and his master change apparel. The other characters were well supported. We thank Mr. Webster with all our hearts for this inimitable revival. Two or three such productions—where are they to be had?—and echo answers, &c.—would do more to advance the true interests of his house than forty modern plays, whose success is only upheld by partisanship. We would be just, not invidious.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—The concerts at Drury Lane continue to attract most crowded and fashionable audiences. Indeed, we may say, we never remember M. Jullien's entertainments to be so well attended. During the first few nights the promenade was so densely thronged that it was considered advisable to erect barriers at either side of the orchestra. This has been found a necessary accommodation as it tends greatly to break the pressure of the multitude. Other alterations have been made with a view to the public convenience. The programme is varied nightly, on each occasion one classical *morceau* being given. We attended on Saturday night last, when the house presented a most brilliant aspect, the boxes being completely filled with the *elite* of fashionables at present in London. Among others we recognized His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge in a private box, who seemed greatly to relish the entire performance. His Royal Highness expressed aloud his admiration of the band, after the *allegretto* movement from Beethoven's symphony in F. He seemed no less delighted with Piatti's violoncello solo, which followed. We never heard, on any instrument, anything more exquisite, on more perfect, than this young artiste's performance on Saturday night. He is positively the Paganini of his instrument. Not only is his execution faultless, and astonishing for its rapidity; his tone most beautiful and powerful, but he exhibits in his playing the finest taste, and the most genuine feeling. The tones he produces from the violoncello at different times resemble the violin, the tenor, and even the flute. His harmonics are marvellously perfect. We never dreamt of hearing such mastery on the instrument. Signor Piatti is certainly

one of the first instrumentalists we ever listened to. At the close of his performance he obtained the most tremendous cheers from all parts of the house, the Royal Duke, himself no mean performer on the violoncello, applauding him most enthusiastically. Notwithstanding what we urged in our first notice respecting the Swiss Quadrille, from its continued and legitimate success, we are bound to admit that it is likely to become the most popular of all the composer's works. The introduction and finale have both been considerably abridged, and the *melodies de danse* are not now so much submerged as formerly in the symphonic frame-work of the composition. The introduction of the machinery, to which we objected as foreign to the purposes of music, is now altogether dispensed with, and a great improvement is manifest. The band, too, are decidedly more at home in their performance than on the first night, when the difficulties involved in M. Jullien's work were not mastered with that consummate ease we expect from this great instrumental corps on all occasions. The performance of the Swiss Quadrille is now quite perfect. We have heard several tourists, who have travelled through the Swiss cantons, express the warmest approval of M. Jullien's new work, not only as it brought back old friends to them in the national melodies, but as it so very happily and truthfully conveyed, as far as music could convey, an idea of a storm on the Swiss mountains. To the great majority of M. Jullien's audience the principal features of the new quadrille must be a sealed book, as it cannot be supposed that one in a hundred has visited the country of William Tell, and few therefore can form a notion of how closely the composer has imitated nature. Enough remains, however, to gratify even those whose highest mountain flight has not exceeded one hundred feet above the Zoological Gardens, or, in other words, the peak of Primrose Hill. The Swiss Quadrille is advancing nightly more and more into public favour, and, as we have said above, promises to become the most popular of the popular composer's works.

SURREY.—Balfe's opera of the *Enchantress* has been produced at this theatre in a style of great splendour and completeness. It has been, if possible, more successful than the *Bohemian Girl*. It is not necessary to criticise a work that has so frequently obtained our strictures and our approbation. The *Enchantress*, if not one of the composer's *chef d'œuvres*, is certainly one of his most dramatic works; and is, perhaps, better adapted than any other for scenic representation. The manager of the Surrey has caught the taste of his audience in a most miraculous way. Crowds are sent back nightly from the doors, and the enthusiasm of the auditors inside borders on an Italian *furor*. A new melodrama, called *The Traveller's Room*, written by Fitzball, in his own peculiar and exciting manner, has been produced lately, with great applause. It is played every night with the *Enchantress*, and both pieces, from their great success, will probably be run till Christmas.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"*Souvenir de Donizetti et Martiani*;" containing the most admired subjects from the works of the above popular composers, arranged in the form of a "fantasia," for the pianoforte, by W. H. HOLMES.—ADDISON and HODSON.

A very brilliant and effective *morceau* without being too difficult. The composer has evidently indited the fantasia for proficient, or at least, for those who have made good progress in pianoforte playing. The introduction leads to the aria, "Ah! dolce guidami," from Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, which is varied in a very happy manner. The next air introduced is also from *Anna Bolena*, "Come innocente, Giovane," treated with more suavity and grace: this leads

to another theme taken from the same opera, "Cielo a miei lunghi," which will afford the performer great scope to exhibit his executive powers, the composer having written semidemiquavers for both hands in two entire pages. The last *morceau* introduced is Marliani's well known air, "Stanca di piu," which Mr. Holmes has handled in an elegant and striking manner. A brilliant finale in *allegretto* concludes a most admirable *fantasia*.

"Shine on, thou bright beacon!" Song. The poetry suggested by a seal with the motto, "Si je te perds, je suis perdu;" a mariner in a boat at sea, and one lone star in the sky: composed by COSMO ALEXANDER HEPBURN, Esq.—R. MILLS.

This song does not aim at any particular musical excellence. The air is simple and the harmonies obvious. It possesses, however, sweetness and expression, which, to most lovers of modern ballads, more than make amends for novelty of conception or mastery in arrangement. The words are well written.

"C. Goodban's Vocal Album;" containing four songs, two duets, and trio: The words by various Authors; the Music composed by CHARLES GOODBAN, Mus. Bac. Oxon.—J. ALFRED NOVELLO.

Mr. Goodban has given us in this work, a very pleasing set of vocal pieces. There are seven *morceaux* in the collection, of which, to our thinking, the first and fifth are the best. No. 1, "The Blind Girl's Hope," is a tender and neatly written ballad in E. flat, 3-4 time. The accompaniments are appropriate and effective. No. 5, "Faire Daffodils,"—Herrick's exquisite and well-known complaint, is a duet in F, 3-8, and is very sweetly written. It is, nevertheless, scarce quaint enough, but this will pass the knowledge of most hearers, and will be recognised as no want by the purchaser. Mr. Goodban has written the words to three of the seven compositions. We cannot praise his poetry as much as we can his music. It is strange that a Bachelor of one of the learned Universities should make "intervene" an active verb. Sorrow may "intervene," but it cannot be said to "intervene its clouds" between two objects. It is no less strange, than one gifted with a sensitive musical ear should rhyme "scenes" with "beams," "smile" with "trial," and "roam" with "shone." But too often do musicians fancy there is no craft in writing verses, and so, poor easy men they are tempted to manufacture their own metre, and in almost every instance they betray their ignorance of the commonest rules of versification, as we have frequently had occasion to show. Mr. Goodban's Album is, notwithstanding, a very meritorious work.

1. "In the joyous Spring;" Song, the words written by EDWARD J. GILL; the music composed by SIDNEY NELSON.
2. "Italia shall be free;" a Roman song of liberty, written by J. W. LAKE, Esq.; the music composed by SIDNEY NELSON.—ADDISON and HODSON.

The first of these compositions is a pleasing ballad; though something of the popularly common is apparent in its melody. It is nicely written for the voice, and will suit the generality of singers. No. 2 is altogether better as a composition, and will make a capital song for a barytone voice. In both instances Mr. Nelson has been successful in the arrangements.

"Mid waving trees" Duet, sung by Miss A. and M. WILLIAMS; Poetry by GEORGE LINLEY, Esq.; Music composed by JULES BENEDICT.—ADDISON and HODSON.

A very elegant and effective duo, for two female voices. Mr. Benedict seldom pursues the common track in his compositions; and though the subject of the present duet is not strikingly original, he has exhibited much ingenuity in the introduction of novel phrases; and his manner of writing for the voices is entirely after his own fashion. This duet must find a host of admirers, albeit the words have nothing whatsoever to recommend them.

"The Standard Lyric Drama," Vol. I. *The Marriage of Figaro*. Part V. J. BOOSEY & Co.

The Marriage of Figaro will be completed with No. 6; on the

1st of January the first part of *Norma* will be issued. We most strongly advise our musical friends to avail themselves of this admirable work. In a few years, by becoming subscribers, they will have a complete and perfect operatic library, at one-tenth of the price for which the same amount of music, without a tythe of its excellence, could now be procured.

"The Swiss Girl," as sung at M. JULLIEN's Concerts, Theatre Royal Drury Lane, by Miss DOLBY, to whom it is dedicated, by G. LINLEY.—JULLIEN and Co.

We venture to assert that ninety-nine readers out of a hundred will be puzzled to gather from the frontispiece whether Mr. Linley is, or is not the author of the "Swiss Girl." To many, the "dedicated to Miss Dolby" would sound very like the composer's authority. Now we know Mr. Linley is *not* the composer, though from being writer, or translator of the words, and from arranging the melody, he may, as we have known others do, fancy himself the veritable composer thereof; wherefore do we think it would sound more like a real artist to have the truth indited on the title-page, viz., "*arranged by G. Linley.*" "The Swiss Girl" is a very beautiful melody, in common time, with a refrain, in 3-4, which has a very pleasing and novel effect. The air is perfectly Swiss, and is so simple and catching, that after Miss Dolby sings it nightly at the concert, it may be heard hummed and whistled all over the theatre. Miss Dolby is encored nightly in it. She sings it with great expression, and in the refrain reminds us, though remotely, of Albani in the air from *Betty*. The "Swiss Girl" promises to be the most popular ballad of the day. Mr. Linley's words are not devoid of lyric merit.

"Swiss Quadrille," as performed at the Author's Concerts Theatre Royal Drury Lane, by his celebrated Orchestra. Composed by JULLIEN.—JULLIEN and Co.

Jullien's Swiss Quadrille, arranged for the piano, is very different from the same Quadrille as played by the Drury Lane band at the Concerts. The introduction and finale are necessarily dispensed with, and the Quadrille remains now an unsophisticated set of dancing airs, without the intervention of any symphonic embroidery. The Swiss Quadrille, under the present form, we are inclined to think, constitutes one of the very best sets we ever heard. The subjects are striking and highly pleasing, and are full of vivacity. No. 1 is a Chamois hunting subject, a capital melody, and full of character. The air is, we believe, original, and composed by Jullien. A *crescendo* is here used with good effect. No. 2 takes for its theme the beautiful Swiss melody, "Le Chalet." This is one of the most pleasing national airs ever written. The subject follows a light and playful *morceau d'introduction*, and is well worked out. This number will prove a great favorite. No. 3 involves the celebrated "Ranz des Vaches," of which it is needless to say one word. The melody is the national melody of Switzerland, and in foreign countries it is well known produces the same effects on the Swiss exile, as "Patrick's day," "Rule Britannia," "The Campbells' are coming" or "Ar hyd y nos" would on the Irish, English, Scotch or Welch emigrant. No. 4, another beautiful Swiss melody, "Au Rive du Lac," and very popular in the Cantons. This number will be almost in as high favor as No. 2. Two very brilliant variations are provided, which will tax the tiny fingers of the fair performers in no small degree. But this may be omitted, and the simple subject resumed. No. 5—an original subject of Jullien's—is indicative of the village feté. We admire this exceedingly. The opening is bold and new: the theme exhilarating and joyous, and worked out with capital effect. It finishes the Quadrille in the heartiest manner possible. Whatever may be the opinion of the world at large, and which just now we have no direct means of accurately certifying, it is our belief that the Swiss Quadrille is the very best composition of that class that ever issued from M. Jullien's pen.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15.—Musical matters begin to assume a considerable importance in this city. Messrs. Herz and Sivori have given here three concerts with great *éclat*, and

they announce another series of nine. There has been a violent attack upon Sivori in one of the papers, which has called forth considerable antagonism in all the others, the natural result whereof has been a good deal of party feeling, an overflowing attendance at his last concert, and the most vociferous applause on his appearance that can well be imagined. Both Herz and Sivori are playing remarkably well, and are great favourites. Your friend, Madame Bishop, gave two concerts, at which M. Bochsa played some of his harp fantasias. With all the wonders that modern Europe has produced upon this instrument, no artiste has surpassed him as an executant, and none has done so much for the development of the power of the harp, as this popular veteran. Two different choral societies are busily preparing opposition performances of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, the one under the direction of Mr. Chubb, the other of Mr. G. Loder. Mr. and Mrs. E. Seguin, with Mr. Beeston, who has successively appeared in London, under the names of Belton and Arthur, and now advertises himself as Mr. Arthuraon, are performing the old stock of operas throughout the States. Mr. Manvers and his daughter, with Mr. A. Giubelei, are about to make a similar tour, but they have appeared in this city with small success. A complete Italian Opera company, under the direction of Signor Sanquirico, formerly of the Opera Buffa in London, have arrived and are waiting the completion of a new theatre that is building for them, by subscription, to commence their proceedings. What occupies more public attention is a company which has been associated for the performances of Italian and English operas, and scenes from operas, which combines an unusual assemblage of talent, namely, Mdme. A. Bishop, the English *prima donna*; Mdme. G. A. Macfarren, the German *contralto*; Signor De Begnis, the Italian *buffo*; all of whom are well known to you, added to whom are Mdme. Korsinski, a young German lady of much promise for *seconda donna*. Mr. Reeve, the brother of whom is to appear at Drury Lane, for tenor, and Signor Valtellina, a great favourite here, for *basso cantante*, the whole under the direction of Mr. Bochsa. Mr. G. A. Macfarren, the composer, is amongst us, and is announced to write two grand scenes, the one from Shakspeare's *Macbeth*, for Madame A. Bishop, the other from Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans* for his *cara sposa*. Edward Loder's *Night Dancers* is being performed at the Olympic Theatre with half the music omitted and the other half completely transmogrified. Fridolin is made the principal character and is enacted by a low comedian. Albert is assigned to Mrs. Timm, a sister of Miss P. Horton. The Princess is omitted; the orchestral parts were arranged even for a smaller band, than that with which the opera was originally produced, the chorusses all sung in unison—in fact Loder himself would hardly recognize his work.—(From our own Correspondent.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Musical World.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

SIR,—Much interest having been evinced, and many enquiries raised with respect to the financial issue of our late Festival, we are now glad to publish, through your medium, the following particulars relating thereto. In the statement which, as treasurer, I have submitted to my brother stewards, it appears that the total amount of the expenses was £3127 4s. 2d., from which, deducting the sum of £2580 15s. 6d., the net amount received from the sale of tickets and books, there will remain a gross deficit of £546 8s. 8d.; consequently each of the twelve stewards will be £45 10s. 9d. minus. The result, although not so satisfactory as could be desired, exhibits, nevertheless, a most cheering prospect towards the continuance and future welfare of our ancient festival; for, although the principal vocalists were paid nearly £300 more upon the

late occasion than in the year 1844, yet the deficiency is £200 less than happened at that period, after taking into the scale the aid then afforded by a guarantee fund. And the fact that the present receipts shew an excess of £420 beyond those of the last meeting, we may, we trust, infer that the county families and the clergy are now bent on rendering that assistance which they have been accustomed for upwards of a century to afford, towards the cultivation of the finest musical compositions, and the enjoyment of a social intercourse, whilst at the same time we aid the cause of the widow and the orphan. It may not be irrelevant to add, that the late acting committee feel assured that the expenditure may be still considerably reduced, the item of the chorus especially, namely, £775 (and really the individuals composing the same could scarcely have done more than to cover their expenses, especially if their loss of time is anywise considered), may, it is fairly assumed, be met nearly by one moiety, by the gratuitous services of local talent. We have two institutions established in Gloucester, in order to promote good church and choral music within ourselves, and three years will doubtless sufficiently perfect the meritorious exertions of those individuals who form such institutions, so as to render their assistance at our next and future meetings very important. It now only remains to notice that the total amount of the late collections made for the relief of the widows and orphans of the clergy, is £723 2s. 3d., which includes a donation since remitted by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol of £20. Here we also report an amended state of affairs, in reference to the contributions in 1844; but we have to lament that this large and opulent county and diocese should, in this important feature, be still deficient, when viewed in comparison with our neighbours and coadjutors at Worcester and Hereford.

I remain, sir, yours, very faithfully,

THOMAS TURNER.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

It having been our pleasing task, self-imposed by the way, to furnish, from time to time, some short notice of the musical doings at Manchester, for the readers of the *Musical World*, in attempting so much, however inadequately performed, we have not been gratifying any idle ambition of beholding ourselves in print; indeed, at times, we have been somewhat startled to see the prominence given to our hasty scribble, placed as it has been beside the eloquent and glowing effusions of J. W. D. and D. R. We possess not the musical knowledge of the one, nor the elegant yet delightfully familiar style of the other; yet yield we to *neither* in our passionate fondness for music, nor in the sincere wish for its progressive advancement as an art amongst us. The *Musical World* being the periodical in this country devoted to such matters, we have always been anxious to see it contain a faithful record of all musical doings, provincial as well as metropolitan, with this single motive and purely for the love of the thing have these articles been inscribed. We have endeavoured to steer clear of favouritism on the one hand and hyperbole on the other, giving simply our impressions, as an amateur of such performances as came under our ken—and so long as considered worthy insertion shall continue to send such brief notices of Music at Manchester. This gloomy commercial year has been cheered by some halcyon days (or rather evenings) to such sons of trade in this hive of industry (a city now by the way) as have a taste for music and the drama. The production of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, for the first time in the presence of, and conducted by, its illustrious composer in April last; the amateur performance, by Charles Dickens and his worthy confreres, for the benefit of Leigh Hunt, in July; the advent of RACHEL amongst us (certainly one of the greatest luminaries of this nineteenth century); and, lastly, the appearance of Jenny Lind, are all occasions that are worthy to be marked with a white stone in one's memory, and, excepting the last, have all been briefly noticed by the writer in the *Musical World*. We assisted, as the French have it, at three of the four performances of the Swedish Nightingale, and were only prevented noticing them by sickness; in place

of doing so, however, we furnished, from a much abler pen, the best criticism we have seen on Jenny Lind, viz., the one from the *Manchester Guardian*. Unluckily the tide had turned of your favour, and the article in question only appeared as one amongst the extravagant provincial notices, weekly inserted, with notes of admiration, Jenny Lind! Jenny Lind! Jenny Lind! It is not necessary, indeed it would be fruitless now to seek for the causes of this artiste's unprecedented career in England; we do not approve either the excessive mania, or madness (*furor*), or the detraction that has perhaps been its consequence, and could have wished less of the latter to have appeared in the pages of the *Musical World*. Jenny Lind is gifted with talent, both as a singer and an actress that would have raised her to an exalted position amongst us, without the aid of all the extraordinary and extravagant puffing that was resorted to, but she certainly, without this adventitious aid, would never have saved Mr. Lumley from ruin, nor have commanded the ridiculously exorbitant prices that were paid to hear her in the provinces. We should like to see the *Musical World* lean neither to Mr. Lumley nor Mr. Beale (nor Mr. Bochsa, *vide* Madame Anna Bishop), and hope the notices for the coming (some months hence) season of the rival Operas will be as free from *bias* as they were this year up to June last. Come we now to the object (like a lady's postscript) of our present writing.

HARGREAVES' CHORAL SOCIETY.—First Concert.—Seventh Season.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was judiciously selected as the oratorio with which to open the winter campaign of 1847-8 of the above society. Miss Birch having been engaged at the French Opera in Paris, and Miss Dolby at Jullien's Concerts, the services of the Misses Williams were secured in lieu of them, and Messrs. Lockey and H. Phillips, as before, for principals. The Free Trade Hall was quite as crowded on Thursday the 28th ult., to hear the second performance of the sublime work as in April last, when Mendelssohn himself was such an additional attraction. Of its execution we can speak in the highest terms: the chorus were positively *marvellous*, they evidently had rehearsed the music *con amore*, and sung it as though they loved it. We cannot notice every individual excellence where all was so perfect, but the following appeared most prominent. The opening chorus, "The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone," with its rushing yet mournful strain of melody, was delightfully sung. Mr. Lockey gave the fine air, "If with all your heart," more effectively than before, and the double quartet, "For he shall give his angels," was far more adequately rendered than on the first performance. Miss M. Williams was very good in the episode of "The widow," and delivered its recitatives with much feeling and propriety. But what shall we say of Mr. H. Phillips and his fine delivery of the many and arduous recitatives and songs in the part of the Prophet? He was as great as ever and delighted everybody. It was not until the last song, "For the mountains shall depart," that we could discover any marks of the hand of time on his once fine organ: still his elocution, conception, and taste, surpasses that of any living English baritone or bass singer. The Misses Williams, by the way, might take a lesson from him as to the delivery and distinct utterance of the words allotted to them. Miss A. Williams suffered from contrast with her great predecessor in the part she had to sing, especially in the holding note with the oboe, "There is nothing,"—else she acquitted herself very creditably, especially in the concerted music, which, like the choruses, all went *marvellously*. How this glorious composition improves on acquaintance! New beauties spring up never dreamt of

before, at every turn. In particular we were struck with the fine prayer of Elijah, "When the heavens are closed up," and its response from the people, "Then, hear from heaven, and forgive the sin," and the quartet and chorus of angels, "Holy, holy, is God the Lord." The favourite chorus, "Baal we cry to thee," was given with great spirit. The quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," narrowly escaped an encore. In the second part, the chorus again came out with great force in "Be not afraid," and that masterpiece, "Behold, God—the Lord passed by:" nor should we omit to notice the jubilant finale to the first part, the gorgeous "Thanks be to God," but we get extravagant about *Elijah* and must bring it to a close. The unaccompanied trio was encored, as it richly deserved; the Misses Williams and Miss Kenneth warbled it delightfully. Miss M. Williams took the time of the song, "O rest in the Lord," somewhat quicker than Miss Dolby; probably from that cause it did not produce the same effect, or procure it almost an inevitable encore. Altogether *Elijah* has been again a great treat to the members of the Hargreaves' Society, and fully justifies the selection of this, the greatest work of modern times, by the committee. It is a glorious composition and will live to the end of time. In concluding our notice of this most excellent concert, we are sorry to mention the unavoidable absence of the much esteemed leader, Mr. Seymour, who has had the misfortune to fracture his left arm by a fall. Mr. Conrain, the principal first violin, has had to take his place, assisted by Mr. Aldridge, Jun., of Liverpool.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

BAPTIST LILLO, the infant vocalist, pianist, and violinist, of whom the French press spoke in such eulogistic terms, on the occasion of his visit to Paris last summer, gave a concert on Monday evening, the 25th October ult., in the Round Room of the Rotundo, in this city, which was well attended. Mr. J. Werner Glover (pianist), Mr. Luffrein, (flautist), and Sig. Cavallini (clarinet), were the principal solo performers. The National Anthem, in B flat, was performed by an orchestra and chorus consisting of nearly one hundred performers. A novel and pleasing effect was produced by the second verse being sung by a contralto voice in the subdominant F, which accorded well with the religious character of the words. Rossini's brilliant cavatina, *Una voce*, was beautifully warbled by Baptist Lillo, the "Infant Nightingale," as the French press styled him. He performed the numerous *routades* with the greatest precision and correctness of intonation, adhering with praiseworthy fidelity to the original score. Tadolini's quartet is a truly brilliant composition, the only drawback being that it is not sufficiently concertante, the pianoforte having by far the most prominent place, but which Mr. Glover performed with great power and brilliancy. The respective executants, on its conclusion, were loudly and deservedly applauded. Verdi's chorus, and Locke's music from *Macbeth*, went admirably. The "Swedish Melodies" were rapturously encored; and the concert passed off admirably, and to the apparent satisfaction of all present.

The Theatre Royal opened for the winter season on Saturday last, when there was a crowded and brilliant audience to witness the appearance of Allen, the favorite tenor, and the debut of a young lady, his pupil, in Bellini's popular opera of *La Sonnambula*. The debutante made a "decided hit," and has been spoken of in high terms by the Dublin press. She has a mezzo soprano voice of nice quality and of

considerable compass, an expressive face, good figure, and action at once natural and easy. With such requisites, I have no doubt but that she will prove a valuable auxiliary to the English lyric drama. As Mr. Allen's merits are already well known to your readers, I need only mention that he sang the music allotted to *Elvino* with good taste and judgment, and was encored in the favorite scena, "All is lost." The orchestra is under the able conductorship of Mr. Levy, and the chorus is full and efficient.

The popular vocalist, Henry Russell, has just concluded an engagement of three nights at the Music Hall, with considerable success.

A batch of Ethiopian Serenaders appeared here a short time since, but failed to draw good houses, which is not to be wondered at, considering we have had *niggers* of all descriptions, *usque ad nauseam*, so that a surfeit has been the natural result.

The Tyler Family are now performing at the Music Hall to poor houses.

Charles Kean and his *cara sposa* are to pay us a visit as soon as Allen's engagement terminates.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Compiled by FREDERICK WEBSTER, Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 650.

BESIDES the differences arising from singleness of sound, and diphthongal combination, the tonics exhibit a variety in *time*, both when uttered separately, and in a syllabic association. Two general divisions may be made. *A-we*, *a-rt*, *a-n*, *a-le* *ee-l*, *i-sle*, *o-ur*, *oo-ze*, may be called long tonics: and *e-rr*, *e-nd*, *i-n*, short. It is not to be understood that the latter may not, by designed effort, be made as long as the former: they have their places in this arrangement, from their usual time in English syllables. In the prolongation of *i-n* it changes nearly, if not entirely, into *ee-l*: and as it thus seems to owe its character, in short pronunciation, to its abruptness, it might be merged in *ee-l* and rejected as a distinct element. When the long tonics are combined with other elements into syllables, their time is of every distinguishable degree, from a momentary impulse to the longest passionate utterance of an interjection, as from *o-tt* to *a-we*—from *ou-t* to *h-ow*—from *a-t* to *a-h!*—*a-te* to *h-ay*—*pe-a-t* to *ee-l*—*f-oot* to *oo-ze*, *c-a-rt* to *a-rms*—*k-i-te* to *i-sle*. The time of the short tonics, in combination, has much less variety. But however short any of the tonics may be, they do in their minimum duration still pass through the concrete movement, as will be shown hereafter.

All the elements, except the abrupt atonics *k*, *p*, *t*, have a variety in duration. The vocalty of the subtonics affords the means of their time, and its prolongation is next in importance to that of the tonics, for the purposes of vivid and graceful expression.

Should it be asked, why the diphthongs are here designated as elementary, when each may be resolved into greater simplicity, it may be answered, that the diphthongs, though compounded of the successive sounds, are inseparable in utterance: and regarding elements as simple efforts of the voice, these diphthongs may be ranked among them. I cannot pronounce the radical of a diphthong without in some sort, giving also its vanish. The radical may indeed be indefinitely sustained on its level line of pitch, and we may attempt to cut it off by a sudden occlusion of the voice; but it can be terminated only by a glide through the vanish, which, however quick, or feeble, or varied by aspiration or otherwise from its exact sound, may still be heard. In the equable concrete of speech, the rapid pronunciation of a diphthong may diminish the audibility of its second sound, but to an attentive ear it will not be altogether lost. And further, not only does the radical of a diphthong demand its own peculiar vanish, but cannot itself be carried through a given interval without sliding into that vanish. For when we attempt to lead the voice through an octave on the diphthong *a-we* or *a-le*, its radical may be continued up to the seventh of that scale: still the final close on the eighth will unavoidably turn

respectively to *e-rr* or *ee-l*. A similar change will take place on all smaller intervals, in an endeavour to make monothongs of the diphthongal radicals.

If an elementary character be denied to the diphthongs, by regarding them as separable sounds, it will not increase the number of simple tones beyond twelve: for the reader may have already remarked that the vanishing portions of the diphthongs consist exclusively of the monothongs.

It follows, from what has been said on the indivisible nature of the diphthongs, that their radicals cannot be united with any other vanishes than those apparently allotted in the instinctive ordination of the voice: and notwithstanding what has been observed, assumed and transcribed by writers, on the subject of the diphthongal union of the vowels, the instances here enumerated appear to be all that belong to English speech. Every attempt to make further combinations produces a voice which wants the smooth transition and singleness of syllabic impulse, that characterises a diphthong, and which is found with its defined perfection, only in the double sound of the above-named seven elementary tonics.

As the diphthongal tonics are respectively produced by joining a monothong to a radical of different sound, and as all the possible permutations of their union are not employed, it is a curious subject of inquiry—whether it is within the power of the vocal organs to make a greater number of diphthongs than are here enumerated, by uniting, severally, every monothong with each radical tonic. Now as there are seven radicals and five monothongs, we might upon this scheme have thirty-five diphthongs. But it appears we have only eight, supposing *oi* to be included: *a-we* being severally combinable with two monothongs, and each of the others with one. Other conjunctions may be made; but they have not a fluent transition, like those which already belong to the language and have their literal signs. Would these new associations require a management of voice which is not altogether instinctive, and might therefore call for a practice and skill not yet reached by the English tongue? Have any of these supposed diphthongs been admitted among the alphabetic elements of other nations? And are these unused materials of speech to be classed with those resources in the animal economy, which are to afford their benefits under higher cultivation, and the widening demands of human improvement?

In elucidating this subject of the tonics, it is worthy of remark, that we may consider the diphthongs as mere syllables, compounded of a tonic and subtonic. For it is certain that the monothongs, when used as vanishes to the radical tonics, have in some degree the character of subtonics: that is, they lose the fullness of the radical opening, which they have when uttered by themselves. The vanish of *a-le* is very nearly allied to *y-e* if not identical with it; and the vanish of *ou-r* bears as near a relation to *w-o*. It will be evident too, on trial, that if a radical character be given to these vanishes, they will not unite with the previous radical into one impulse of the voice.

It was said, in a former part of this section, that the subtonics may be uttered separately: their own obscure vocalities bearing, respectively, some resemblance to those of the five monothongs. Hence it is, that some syllables may be formed exclusively of subtonics. In the words *bidden*, *fickle*, *schism*, *rhythm*, *riven*, and their conjoiners, the last syllable is either purely subtonic, or a combination of subtonic and atonic. On these final syllables the radical and vanishing movement is performed; and though they exhibit the concrete function, they betray their inferiority in abruptness, force, and musical sound, when compared with the more perfect display of these properties on the tonics. The reason why words of this construction are necessarily divided into two syllables will appear in the following section.

(To be continued.)

PROVINCIAL.

MADAME DULCKEN'S MAIDSTONE MATINEE.—On Thursday this eminent artiste gave a *matinée* for pianoforte music in the County Assembly Room, which was attended by a numerous audience, which comprised some of the leading families in the county. Few performers could venture to entertain an audience, essentially intellectual, during a whole afternoon; but Madame Dulcken well knew her own powers. The illustrations of the different styles of composition "from grave to gay, from lively to

severe," were distinguished by a degree of completeness which delighted all present. Unlike some of our modern pianists, who seem to imagine that musical energy consists in "imitating the actions of the tiger," Madame Dulcken's playing is gracefulness and elegance personified, with such an utter absence of apparent effort as to strike the listener to her exquisite execution with astonishment. A greater musical treat has seldom been heard in Maidstone. The irresistible John Parry drew tears of mirth from the audience, by some of his most humorous effusions.—*Maidstone and South Eastern Gazette*.

WELLINGTON.—MR. T. HAYWARD'S CONCERT.—Mr. Hayward gave a grand instrumental and vocal Concert at the Town Hall, Wellington, on Wednesday evening last, under a most distinguished and numerous patronage, which included the *élite* of the towns and neighbourhood, among whom we observed Messrs. T. Eyton, St. J. C. Charlton, T. C. Eyton, W. Turner, W. Wyley, J. Horton, C. Newling, J. T. Phillips (New Lodge), R. Phillips (Brockton), J. Phillips, G. Marcy, R. W. Maxon, C. Stanier, T. Jukes, F. Buckle, M. Webb, J. Williams (Kettle Hill), R. Garbitt, T. Taylor, J. Rider, C. Steedman, W. Howlett, H. Evitt, R. Greatwood, W. Nock, R. Palin, B. Smallwood, Revds. B. Banning, — Whitmore, — Gawthrop, H. Burton, &c., &c. The vocal performers engaged were Mr. John Parry, Miss Louisa Haynes (her first appearance in public), and Mr. Griffiths, of Wolverhampton; instrumental—Mr. H. Hayward, solo violin; Mr. Marsden, flute. The band for the overtures consisted of Mr. F. Hayward, first violin; second ditto, Mr. T. Hayward; flute, Mr. Marsden; tenors, Mr. F. Hayward and Mr. Griffiths; violoncello, by an amateur: grand pianoforte, Mr. John Hayward. We need scarcely observe, that Mr. John Parry, the inimitable buffo singer, received the most unbounded applause in his popular songs, "The London Season," "Miss Harriet and her Governess," "Matrimony," &c. Mr. H. Hayward also sustained his reputation as one of the first violinists of the place. Mr. Marsden acquitted himself in a very respectable manner on the flute, in the variations on Rousseau's Dream, and in a *fantasia* on airs from *Norma*. This being Miss Haynes's *début*, she no doubt laboured under some disadvantage in consequence, and appeared a little nervous in her first song, "Lamp of the Night;" she seemed to have acquired more confidence in, and gave in better style, "Go, forget me." Miss Haynes has been prepared for the stage, we believe, at a great expense, having been for some time a pupil of Garcia, at Paris: she has great compass of voice, and will, no doubt, with practice, rise in her profession. The performance on the whole passed off very well, and the room was filled to an overflow,—a sufficient proof of the estimation in which Mr. T. Hayward is held by the public of Wellington and the neighbourhood.—*Edkows's Journal*.

AYR.—TEMPLETON, the favourite and "king of song," honoured Ayr with a professional passing visit last evening. He gave his popular entertainment—"The Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle"—in the Theatre, which was crowded by a fashionable and brilliant assemblage. This entertainment has immortalised him among solo entertainers. It is not only rich in songs, which few can interpret, whether plaintive, majestic tender, or joyous, but strong in anecdotes, which none can tell like him. He has one great aim. He always introduces classical music amongst his popular selections—the execution of which cannot be surpassed in delicacy, brilliancy, and dramatic effect, eliciting both wonder and delight. Though he now treads his native soil, and in the vicinity of the birth-place of Burns, where a few years since he charmed every listener, he is the Orpheus of the nineteenth century, "whose songs gush from his heart"—who has a sentiment in every tone, and a tone for every sentiment. It would be difficult to describe the character of Templeton's voice. It is more like some curious instrument than a human voice—the sweetness of his upper notes lead to the belief that it is a *faissetto*; but this illusion vanishes when we hear him, without moving a muscle, or taking breath, swell from the breathing of the flute to the blast of the trumpet. Perhaps we can best account for the effects he produces by saying they emanate from that, which neither the finest organisation, nor the result of the most careful discipline, could of themselves accomplish. Templeton possesses a charm at least equal to this—an unstudied grace of action, suavity of manner, and gentlemanly deportment, without which requisites a vocalist may make a very good "musical box," but cannot attain the high position he enjoys. We have traced Templeton in his present tour northwards, and are happy to say that his progress has been attended with an uninterrupted series of success;—one more brilliant than the other. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, in Dumfriesshire, and Galloway, no concert-room was large enough to accommodate the crowds that assembled from all quarters to hear this gifted and accomplished vocalist; nor can this be a matter of wonder when we reflect that he stands on as lofty an eminence, and is as unapproachable in his line, as Jenny Lind is in hers. He not only remains the pre-eminent tenor who shared the triumphs of the still incomparable "spirit of song," Malibran, but, in his present entertainments, revives

the palmy days of Braham and Incledon by his increased power and splendid singing of their once famous songs—at once snatching them from oblivion, and renewing a taste for our national melodies amidst this newly-created mania for foreign music. Mr. Blewitt accompanied Mr. Templeton with his usual ability; and, at the end of the entertainment, favoured the audience with one of his comic songs, which sent them home not only delighted, but merry.—*The Ayr Observer*.

LIVERPOOL.—THE SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—The celebrated vocalist, Mr. Wilson, who stands unrivalled as an illustrator of Scottish song, gave one of his entertainments at the Concert-hall, on Saturday evening last. The attendance was numerous and respectable. Mr. Wilson was in excellent voice, and all his efforts afforded unbounded satisfaction to the audience. His recital of Burns's popular and admirable poem of Tam O'Shanter, was a most striking and agreeable feature in the evening's entertainments, and was greeted with loud bursts of applause. During the interval between the first and second parts, Mr. John Smith said, a most pleasing task devolved upon him; Mr. Wilson had, as they were all aware, performed his duty, and they had now a duty to perform. He expressed his gratification at seeing so large an attendance, and after mentioning the good tendency of such entertainments, he said, in contrast to the busy world out of doors, the enjoyment they received there by those entertainments was a refreshing sunshine by which they felt relieved after the depressing business of the day. Their friend Mr. Wilson, who had delighted them so much, had given his services on that occasion in compliment, and in furtherance of the objects of that institution, having come down from London for the express purpose. They had with them one of their best and oldest friends, Mr. Rathbone, also several distinguished strangers from the colony of Prince Edward's Island, including the Hon. J. Pope, Speaker of the House of Assembly, and Mr. E. Palmer, who had come there, as well as themselves, to enjoy the sunshine. He concluded a very excellent speech by moving the thanks of the company to Mr. Wilson, for his handsome services on the present occasion, which was immediately carried by acclamation. The Hon. Mr. Pope expressed the high gratification which had been afforded him, more particularly as he was a stranger amongst them. He was glad to see such entertainments provided for the people, as they were the means whereby individuals, as well as families, were enabled to enjoy amusements of a rational character, combined with instruction. Those who attended would, he had no doubt, go home better husbands and better wives. He had been much struck with the moral tendency of the songs introduced, which was alike creditable to the vocalist, and those concerned in the management of the concerts. (Applause.) Mr. Wilson then made his appearance, and was received with three hearty rounds of applause, at the close of which Mr. J. Smith announced to him the vote of thanks which had been passed for his liberal conduct that evening, and the gratification he had at all times afforded by his vocal efforts. Mr. Wilson said that, in reference to the gratifying information Mr. Smith had communicated to him, he begged to assure them that it afforded him the highest pleasure on all occasions to be in that room. He often met assemblies higher in rank, but he never came before those who could better appreciate the efforts of the poet or the singer than those he was in the habit of meeting in that hall. He always looked forward to his coming there as a day of sunshine, which afforded him the highest pleasure. He thanked them sincerely for the mark of approbation they had given him, and concluded by assuring them of his most earnest desire for the welfare and success of their institution. (Loud applause.) We ought not to omit mentioning the excellent accompaniments of Mr. Jolley, a young man of great talent and unassuming manners, who shewed by his performance, that he was not only a fine pianoforte player, but a splendid accompanist, and that he had a just appreciation of the poetry as well as the music he was accompanying. Mr. Wilson may congratulate himself on having such a coadjutor.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

DUBLIN. THEATRE ROYAL.—The opening performance presented to us a *debutante*, in the person of a pupil of Mr. Allen—a young lady who, on the threshold of her professional career, proves that she brings to her arduous undertaking many of the most brilliant attributes of genius—an organ of considerable strength and exquisite sweetness, which has been most sedulously and successfully cultivated—a figure of true feminine grace, and a countenance of the most pleasing expression. The opera selected for her *debut* was Bellini's most successful and popular composition, *The Sonnambula*, in which she, of course, sustained the heroine, and with the most triumphant success. Throughout the opera we were delighted to witness in this young lady the rare combination of the melodist's power, blended with the accomplishment and skill of an excellent actress. We should pay but an ill compliment to the treasured knowledge of our musical readers, were we to enter into any enumeration or detail of the delicious airs and concerted melodies with which Bellini has so profusely, so gorgeously adorned this exquisite opera; all we shall say on that point is, that ample justice was done to each and all of these

compositions; and so complete was the success of the fair *debutante*, that at the falling of the curtain, she was most enthusiastically called for by the united acclaims of the crowded and fashionable auditory, and her success recorded in many long protracted peals of applause. A more successful *debut* has rarely, if ever, been witnessed. Mr. Allen, the Elvino of the evening, what shall we—what need we now say? The celebrity his talents have so justly acquired for him, renders criticism an easy and a pleasurable task, even to the most fastidious professor of the "ungentle craft." We have rarely heard his melodious and well-attuned organ "discourse more eloquent music;" and, indeed, on this occasion, we could not shut out the notion, that natural anxiety for the success of his fair pupil stimulated him to many of his best and most successful exercises of a voice which is in itself all sweetness, melody, and richness.—(From a Correspondent.)

LIVERPOOL.—The accomplished Miss Emily Grant made her *debut* at the Concert-hall, Lord Nelson-street, on Wednesday evening, to a numerous and highly respectable audience, including several distinguished professionals, amateurs, &c. The universal cheers which greeted her, on being led on by Mr. Robinson, prevented her proceeding for some time with her opening song—"Love, dwell with me,"—her execution of which, as well as her other songs, brought into play all the resources of her fine soprano voice, revelling into the intricacies of the most difficult and elaborate passages, and surmounting them with a neatness and delicacy of finish, and all with such perfect ease, as could only be effected by the highest degree of art and cultivation, and which the audience testified their appreciation of by the frequent bursts of applause with which they interrupted her, and more particularly in her arch and expressive manner of rendering Balfe's favourite song, "Woman's Heart," and for which, in the *encore*, she substituted "Love rules the Palace," and that, if possible, with increased power, brilliancy, and effect. Her old favourite song, "Sound the Pibroch," was received and *encored* with equal enthusiasm, and the peculiar effects produced by the double echo she introduces, was listened to, as usual, with breathless attention. Miss Grant's voice is one of great power, compass, and flexibility, and has been evidently trained in the true and legitimate school of singing.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

IBID.—THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—On Monday evening the fifth undress concert took place at the Collegiate Institution, but the attendance was not so numerous as usual. The vocalists were Miss Stott, Miss Marie Stuart, Mr. Ryalls, and Mr. Armstrong. Mr. Henry Hayward, the celebrated violinist, was the only solo instrumentalist. The chief attraction of this concert was its instrumental performances, and of these a rich treat was presented. They consisted of Beethoven's symphony in D major; the "Meerestille," by Dr. Mendelssohn; Berlioz's "Des Francs Juges;" the overture of "Fernand Cortez," by Spontini; and Auber's favourite overture to "Masaniello."—*Liverpool Journal*.

CHELTENHAM.—The Promenade Concerts, which take place twice a week at the Rotunda are very fashionably attended. At the last, Miss Le Grice, a pupil of Mr. Cianchettini, whose performances on the pianoforte we have noticed more than once, at the Royal Academy of Music in London, as well as in Cheltenham, appeared to the greatest advantage, and was indeed uncommonly well received, in two grand masterpieces of the art; one of which was Beethoven's immortal op. 53, and the other, John Cramer's exquisite "Andante" and bravura variations, op. 61. We found this young lady much improved since last year: indeed she is rapidly advancing towards perfection. Her execution is very brilliant, and her expression *quite classical*; denoting a true perception of the beauties of the great models—those models that are not subservient to fashion; they will indeed, live for ever!!! Miss Le G. can also show off in Liszt or Thalberg; but she has too much taste and feeling to desert the ancient for the modern. We, therefore, wish her well in all sincerity of heart.—(From a Correspondent.)

MUSIC IN AMERICA.

(From "The Age.")

MADAME BISHOP's Concert took place at the Tabernacle on Thursday evening, and was attended by at least fifteen hundred persons, who were, if we may judge by the applause they bestowed upon the performances, perfectly satisfied with the entertainments provided. In addition to the treat, which it was known was in store for them from Madame Bishop's singing, much curiosity also existed to hear the performances of M. Bochs on the harp, and those who are admirers of that instrument had no reason to feel any disappointment. In

point of skill, M. Bochsa excels all harpists we have ever heard—the exquisite taste he displays in his selection of melodies, and the surprising variations with which he embellishes them, are beyond all praise. The ballad, “On the Banks of Guadalquivir,” by Madame Bishop, drew forth a rapturous encore, as usual, and charmed the unskilled lovers of music more than the elaborate and difficult compositions. This was also the case with her singing the Irish melody, “The Last Rose of Summer,” and for the encore “The Harp that once thro’ Tara’s Halls” was given. These melodies she sang with the most touching and characteristic sweetness, and fairly moved her audience to enthusiasm by the beautiful and most effective simplicity and truth she gave to the character of the words and music.

Messieurs Herz and Sivori gave a Concert at the Tabernacle on Tuesday evening, which was very well attended, and went off with great *eclat*. The orchestra was led by Rapetti.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The Society gave its first chamber concert on Monday evening. The performance commenced with Beethoven’s *sonata* in A, Op. 69, for pianoforte and violoncello, by Miss Binfield Williams and Mr. Guest. A song of J. L. Hatton’s followed, sung by Mr. Julian Kench; which was succeeded by Miss A. Williams, in a new song of W. Rae’s. A quartet (MS.) from Miss Kate Loder’s pen, was next given, interpreted by Messrs. Mellon, J. Banister, Weslake, and W. F. Reed. Part I. concluded with Mozart’s trio, “Susanna a via sortite.” The most notable feature in this portion of the performance was, Miss K. Loder’s quatuor, a composition of rare merit, and such as we never heard from the pen of a lady before. It is evident Miss K. Loder is intimately conversant with Haydn and Mozart, and upon their works she has founded the style and feeling of her compositions. It is hard to pronounce a decided opinion on a work of pretence, not *pretension*, and we shall do our judgment no further violence until we have heard the quartet a second time. The items in the second part were a trio in B minor, Op. 20 (MS.) by C. E. Horsley; a song of Walter Macfarren’s to Tennyson’s exquisite little poem, “Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,” excellently written; Henry Smart’s popular duet, “Summer is coming,” and Beethoven’s quartet in E. flat, No. 1, Op. 74. We shall have occasion, in a future number, to devote a column or two of our journal to the consideration of the prospects and management of the Society of British Musicians.

MADAME PAULINE VIARDOT GARCIA has left Paris *en route* for Dresden, where she is engaged for a series of performances. From thence she proceeds to Hamburg, and afterwards to Berlin. We may now state as a fact, that the great *cantatrice* has definitively settled with Mr. Beale, and will join the corps of the Royal Italian Opera next season. She will appear in the *Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable*, *Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, *Iphigenia*, &c. Her coming to England is already looked forward to with the greatest interest.

HAYMARKET.—A new comic drama, in two acts, to be called, *The Roused Lion*, is in rehearsal, and will be produced on Saturday next.

MADAME ANNA THILLON has arrived in London.

LOLA MONTEZ.—Among the curiosities which most attract strangers visiting Munich at the present moment, perhaps the most curious is the residence of the Countess of Landsfeld, the celebrated Lola Montez. Among the apartments thrown

open to public admiration is the countess’s bedchamber, which is fitted up with royal magnificence and taste. On the table in this room is a rare ornament—a superb album is laid out, filled with pieces of poetry, written in German, and in celebration of the charms of the beautiful countess, and on an embroidered cushion upon the same table a hand, sculptured in marble, is shown as a representation of “the royal hand that wrote the verses.”

THE LATE MR. BELLAMY.—The subscriptions for the purpose of erecting a tomb to the memory of this much-lamented and highly-esteemed gentleman are likely to be attended with a result favourable to the wishes of the friends of the deceased. In addition to the sums already received from various inhabitants of Bath, subscriptions have been sent from the following members of the theatrical profession in the metropolis, with whom Mr. Bellamy was upon terms of intimacy:—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Mr. and Mrs. Bartley, Mr. Macready, Mr. Charles Young, Mr. Meadows, Mr. Hemming, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Charles Farley, Mr. John Cooper, Mr. Harley, Mr. F. Matthews, Mr. W. Farren, and Sir George Smart. Mrs. Macready, the lessee, and Mr. Chute, the acting manager of our theatre, have also contributed their donations towards carrying the desired object into effect.—*Bath Herald*.

M. DIZR, a celebrated Harpist, formerly a member of the Philharmonic Society of London, died last week in Paris, aged 67.

AN ORGAN has lately been presented to the new church of Bradford, Wilts, by Captain Palairt, R.N., a resident in the neighbourhood.

DEATH OF AN ECCENTRIC MUSICAL AMATEUR.—Died, on Wednesday, the 22nd ult., David Hatton, of Thornton, North Britain, better known in the locality as *Flutorum*, in the 78th year of his age. Few of his craft enjoyed equal reputation with the deceased for the peculiarity of his sentiments upon civil and religious topics. He had a handsome coffin made for himself some years ago, and realised the outlay, long ere he died, by exhibiting the mute, though eloquent *memento mori*. His house, both internally and externally, was a perfect curiosity, with figures, devices, and emblems of the most incongruous beings and objects in nature; many visitors resorted thither, in consequence. He had great musical talents, and invented a musical instrument (hence the name of *Flutorum*), something in the shape of an Irish bagpipe, upon which he played, with tolerable accuracy, most of the old Scotch tunes. He has left a considerable property to be divided amongst some distant relations, as he never was married.—*Scotch paper*.

MR. MITCHELL is expected to-morrow, from Brussels, to complete his arrangements for the Opera Comique, at the St. James’s Theatre.

A RIVAL TO ALL THE SOPRANI.—It is reported that a pupil of Mdme. Pasta will appear in the season 1849, at the Royal Italian Opera, who is likely to eclipse every European singer.

M. BERLIOZ leaves Paris to-day for London. Felicien David will visit London next spring, and intends bringing out, it is said, his last *great* work.

THE LATE MR. ROOKE.—A grand operatic concert will be given on Thursday evening, Dec. the 2nd, at the Hanover Square Rooms, for the benefit of the widow and children of the above lamented musician. Particulars will be announced forthwith.

GRISI has transmitted to England a donation of £50 towards the relief of the children of the late Madame Albertazzi. We are not at all surprised at this: from numerous other circumstances, which have reached our ears, we have long known that the *Diva* is as generous as she is great. In the same benevolent spirit, though not in the same largeness of spirit, Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria has sent Madame Albertazzi's children £10.

BRIGHTON MUSICAL UNION.—The following is the programme of the first *séance* which took place at the Old Ship Assembly Rooms, on Monday last:—

1. Quartette—No. 82 in F, two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Oury, Cramer, Hill, and Signor Piatti—*Haydn*. 2. Grand Trio—in B flat, Op. 97, pianoforte, Madame Oury, violin, Mr. Oury, violoncello, Signor Piatti—*Beethoven*. 3. Solo—violinello, *La Sonnambula*, Signor Piatti—*Piatti*. 4. Quartette Concertante—in A, Op. 18—*Mozart*. 5. Duo de Salon—(MS.) pour piano et violin, Mr. and Madame Oury, *La Figlia del Reggimento*—*Oury*.

Among the subscribers and patrons are the Earls of Westmorland and Falmouth, the Hon. General Upton, the Hon. Lawrence Parsons, Admiral Bladen, Lady Capel, and Captain Newbury. The meetings are held once a week, under the direction of Mr. and Madame Oury.

MISS RAINFORTH, MR. TRAVERS, and MR. STRETTON, have been attracting full and fashionable audiences at the Newcastle Theatre. Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore* was produced on Friday in a manner which would have done credit to a metropolitan theatre. The choruses and orchestral department were excellent.

MR. G. H. BIANCHI gave a concert at the Theatre, Ipswich, on Tuesday evening, composed entirely of English music. The vocalists were Miss Bassano, Miss Eliza Nelson, Mr. Leffler, and Mr. John Parry. The concert was given under the immediate patronage of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. The entertainments opened with Bishop's glee, "Blow gentle gales," sung by Miss Bassano, Miss Eliza Nelson, and Mr. Leffler. This was followed by Nelson's ballad, "The Wind," well executed by Leffler; after which Miss Nelson sang Henry Russell's "The Old Water-mill," with the greatest taste and feeling, and was loudly applauded; whereupon Miss Bassano gave a ballad of Maynard's in her usual style of excellence; and then Miss E. Nelson and Mr. Leffler indulged the audience with a duet; and Mr. Louis Emanuel, who, by the way, officiated as conductor during the evening, was admired in an impromptu on the harmonium; and "The Chough and Crow" was rendered with effect by Miss Bassano, Miss E. Nelson, and Mr. Leffler: and John Parry wound up Part I, with "The London Season." In Part 2, we admired most Miss Eliza Nelson in a very pleasing ballad, called "The Happy Gipsies," which she gave most excellently, and in a style which promised still greater excellence. This young lady has a charming *mezzo soprano* voice, and her method is good. We have heard her but a few times, yet have heard enough to augur well of her future. Miss Bassano sang a Scotch ballad so admirably, that she received a unanimous encore. It is in the interpretation of such music that this lady excels. The concert went off with considerable spirit, most of the fashionables remaining to the end.—(*From a Correspondent*.)

MR. FREDERICK R. VENUA, Berks, son of Mr. Venua, of Reading, formerly leader of the band and composer to the Italian Opera, London, has been lately elected a student in the Royal Academy of Music, under the immediate patronage and recommendation of his Excellency the Right Honorable the Earl of Westmorland, President of the Institution. Mr. F. R. Venua's examination for qualification proved

so very satisfactory in every respect that he has been placed in the highest position in the establishment, which must prove very gratifying to himself and his respected father, who, on application for his admittance, received the following gracious letter:—

"Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover-square, 20th October, 1847."

"Sir,—I am directed by the Earl of Westmorland, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th instant, and his lordship desires me to say, he will be most happy to give his recommendation for the entry of your son as a student of the Royal Academy of Music: and his lordship further desires me to add, that he very sincerely wishes your son every success in a profession in which his father has been so distinguished.

Believe me to remain, Sir, your very faithful,

J. PITT BONTIN, General Superintendent.

To FREDERICK VENUA, Esq., Reading, Berks.

JENNY LIND.—The following has been the distribution of the £200, left by Jenny Lind for charities at Norwich.

Norfolk and Norwich Hospital . . .	£ 50
West Norfolk . . Ditto	20
Yarmouth . . . Ditto	20
Blind Ditto	15
The Dispensary	15
Sick poor Society	15
District Visiting Society	15
Eye Infirmary	10
Lying-in Charity	10
Benevolent Association	10
Shipwreck Mariners Association . . .	10
Thorpe Hamlet Church	5
Mr. Taylor, the Blind Organist	5

£200

We think this distribution a most judicious one, and sure are we that every one will hail the kind consideration which prompted the presenting a portion of Mlle Lind's donation to the blind musician, Mr. Taylor, whose latter years we regret to say, are blighted by the presence of distress.—*Norfolk Paper*.

SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS.—The earliest quarto editions of the plays of Shakspeare, wherein the title-pages are given exactly as they stand and in the form in which they are printed in the original editions. It has generally been said that there are twenty quarto editions of plays by Shakspeare printed anterior to the folio of 1623; but the fact is, that, exclusive of "The Taming of the Shrew," the title-page of the quarto edition, which bears date in 1631, there are only seventeen quartos. Steevens in 1766, to make up the number, added the two parts of *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, 1611, which nobody in modern times has imputed to Shakspeare, although "Written by W. Sh." was inserted fraudulently on the title-page by the old printer: he also reprinted among his "Twenty Quartos" the two parts of the *Contention between the two Houses of Lancaster and York*; but he strangely omitted *Pericles*, which had much more than an equal claim to the distinction. The undoubted plays of Shakspeare, which came from the press in quarto before 1623, were the following, and our list is made out according to the dates of publication:—

Romeo and Juliet, 1597—Richard the Second, 1597—Richard the Third, 1597—Henry the Fourth, part I, 1598—Love's Labour Lost, 1598—Much ado about Nothing, 1600—Midsummer Night's Dream, 1600—Merchant of Venice, 1600—Henry the Fourth, part II, 1600—Henry the Fifth, 1600—Titus Andronicus, 1600—Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602—Hamlet, 1603—King Lear, 1608—Troilus and Cressida, 1609—Pericles, 1609—Othello, 1622.

Thus it will be seen at once how irregularly Shakspeare's

dramas came from the press, viz. three in 1597, two in 1598, six in 1600, one in 1602, and another in 1603, one in 1608, two in 1609, and one in 1622. Why six separate productions were crowded into 1600, while in various years none at all appeared, is matter of curious and interesting speculation: five of these six were printed from good manuscripts, whether derived from the Theatre or from any other source, while the sixth was indisputably surreptitious, and never could have been authorized by anybody.—*Mr. Collier, in the Shakspeare Society Papers.*

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR CORRESPONDENT is informed that no manuscript works are received by the Society of British Musicians, unless those of a member, or an associate: and we are of opinion that the same regulation prevails in all musical societies. If our correspondent have manuscripts lying by, which are supposed to be worthy of submitting to trial, then had our correspondent best join the Society of British Musicians, and send in the MSS. to the committee for approval.

G. S. P.—"Il Barbiere" is decidedly superior to "La Gazza Ladra;" and is, moreover, one of the greatest musical works ever written. To the other question, "which are Rossini's chefs d'œuvre in opera seria," we answer, "Guillaume Tell, Otello, and the Mosé in Egitto."

J. WAKEMAN.—We are sorry we cannot find room for our correspondent's letter. We feel the truth of his remarks, and would willingly oblige him by inserting them, but they are not of sufficient importance to claim a space in our columns.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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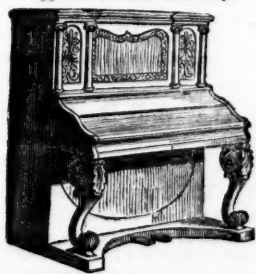
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